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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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THE

SIXTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

AKENSIDE, GRAY,

AND

LYTTELTON.

AKENSIDE'S POEMS

CONTINUED.

ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

WITH THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hilloc laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
" For me," ſhe ſings, " the gems are born,
" For me their ſilken robe adorn,
" Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſart or the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
Will ſhe her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
The inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII. From

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done.
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II. N° I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

DEC. 11, M. DCC. XL.*

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,
Floods of sublimer splendor flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce winter desolates the year.

* This Ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be seen in the following poem. The reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written. N.

The fields reſign their chearful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Deſarts of ſnow fatigue the eye;
Succeſſive tempeſts bloat the ſky,
And gloomy damps oppreſs the ſoul.

III.

But let my drooping genius riſe,
And hail the ſun's remoteſt ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern ſkies,
To-morrow nearer than to-day.
Then, louder howl the ſtormy waſte,
Be ſand and ocean worſe defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And fancy, through the wintery gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging Spring.

IV.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy ſpeed,
How ſoon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each tempeſt hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws:
'Tis his with silent joy to use
The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

VI.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illustrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

* * *

ODE II. N° II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M. DCC. XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

III. Hence

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire;
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire:
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aërial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!

How

How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovran cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome chearful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:

Then

Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain,
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III. When

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.

O bloom

O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's ſhrine,
Behold, he liſts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame
A ſoberer dreſs will Beauty wear:
Then ſhall eſteem by Knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES, you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head,
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,

Now,

Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?

What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains:
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys
And half diſarm our pains:

X.

Let univerſal candor ſtill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure human kind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,

While

While rouz'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintery ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Chearfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleaſure's queen,
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the roſy May
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.

But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
Thee pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:

The

The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again:
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have sung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorius Pindar's flight:

Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the enlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſart ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewel.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
—O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;

Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpel the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe,
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.

O thou whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſooth to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and Friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune close the way.

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,

My

My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now:

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespear's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

ODE

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favorites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And leſt, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marſhy levels lank aad bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove.

Ye

Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I ſit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolor'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows; till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bowers and copſes green the golden ſlope divide.

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murmuring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand:

Now

Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, liſten to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian fathers throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above degenerate Latium's praiſe,
Above the flaviſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton ſloth's ignoble charms,
The honors of a poet's name
To Somers' counſels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic valour ſtill attends
And uſeful ſcience pleas'd to ſee
How art her ſtudious toil extends.
While truth, diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the pulic eye;
Till, pierc'd and ſinking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkiſh awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3. Hence

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares;
Hence dread religion dwells with ſocial joy;
And holy paſſions and unſullied cares,
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
Their public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

O D E IX.

T O C U R I O*.

M.DCC.XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell:
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendor of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, wither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II. There

[* See the "Epiſtle to Curio," in this volume.]

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong:
" But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And ſcape in guilt's diſguiſe from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wiſdom ever ſtrove to exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul:

Till

Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells the inchantreſs to control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign;
And freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.

O Alfred,

O Alfred, father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward, firſt in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye
Behold the ſum of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then — Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favor thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X. But

X.

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſickening reaſon flew,
Divine perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By Infamy, the mindful demon ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,

For ever through the ſpacious courts reſound:
There long poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying Bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks:
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
" He comes, whom Fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
" To accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd:
" Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign:
" Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
" Even to its laſt irrevocable hour;
" Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them
" to the chain."

XV. But

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,
(That household godhead whom of old your sires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hostile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your blood,
Which not her lightest discipline indures:
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain, O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow Her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE.

TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, fooliſh youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of Beauty's praiſe
In Wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſoothe and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue faulters; and thy colour flies,

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.

In

In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign;
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the love-ſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

I.

BEHOLD, the balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintery ſcale inclines;
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now, London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,
Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,

From

From Belgium to her saviour son)
Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vassal dread.
There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou hast that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who sways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the soft ornaments that speak
So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For so it is. Thy stubborn breast,
Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat:
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.

Away,

Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt!
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

* Alcæus.

II. 2.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.

* Pindar.

O fair,

O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1. Oft

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;

While

While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

O D E XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND:

FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd;
When Spring from this her favourite ſeat
Bade Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noiſy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day;
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy ſtay,

IV. But

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:
Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By Friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtrays:
And now to Heſper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of lighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train

To

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With luſtre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows muſt I prefer
To thy indulgent power,
Alas! but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in queſt I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious ſend thy golden ray,
Thou pureſt light above:
Let no falſe flame ſeduce to ſtray
Where gulph or ſteep lie hid for harm:
But lead where muſic's healing charm
May ſoothe afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful ſong
In happier ſeaſons vow'd,
Theſe lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon ſilver ſtream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copſes ſtood.

VII.

Nor ſeldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofleſs tower invade,
We come while her inchanting Muſe
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the ſolemn ſhade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Hesper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space: on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive Syren sing,
Oh softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII. Oh

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

* Aquarius.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the land:
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate!
That evening, let the Muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth enamour'd ſaw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,

What

What to purſue in Virgil's lay:
Till hope aſcends to loftieſt things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar ſway.

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And Engliſh fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chaſtize:
While hand in hand, at wiſdom's ſhrine,
Beauty with truth I ſtrive to join,
And grave aſſent with glad applauſe;
To paint the ſtory of the ſoul,
And Plato's viſions to controul
By Verulamian * laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M. DCC. XLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, ſage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our boſoms e'er incline
Toward immortal glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleaſure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treaſure,

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.

So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

O D E XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M. DCC. XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2. Nor

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the Poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell

(While

(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its nobleſt uſe may find,
How well for freedom be reſign'd;
And how, by glory, virtue ſhall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's ſtrain
To many a kind domeſtic train,
Whoſe pious hearth and genial bowl
Had chear'd the reverend pilgrim's ſoul:
When, every hoſpitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He ſtruck his magic ſtrings;
And pour'd ſpontaneous numbers forth,
And ſeiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their muſing hearts with vaſt heroic things.

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy ſpirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming ſhell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The genius of his country ſtands.
To liſtening gods he makes him known,
That man divine, by whom were ſown
The ſeeds of Grecian fame:
Who firſt the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's ſons inſpir'd;
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

II. 3. O

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,

* Octavianus Cæſar.

Dare

Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's "fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each Bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide thier glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven, and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the Bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne

No

No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould fordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs. There, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

And

And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne ſate;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to chear?

VI. 3. Yet,

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, where deſign'd,
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honor and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE

REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Suppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription.

M.DCC.XLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakeſpeare's tongue you deign to underſtand,
Lo, from the bliſsful bowers where Heaven rewards
Inſtructive Sages and unblemiſh'd Bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the ſtage,
Intent to learn, in this diſcerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And wither tends your elegance of taſte,
That thus at length our homely toils you ſpurn,
That thus to foreign ſcenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footſteps of my devious Muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.

And say, ye skillful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a Poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore:
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.
Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other Bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
Such from the first was my dramatic plan;
It should be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and social science reign,

I thought;

I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler Bards and juster Critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.
But do you thus my favorite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuse
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nough but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?
No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope misleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtſhip would an audience deign,
Or thoſe chaſte matrons a Pariſian wife
Chuſe for the model of domeſtic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The ſtrength and ſplendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying ſmiles Oppreſſion's pomp to ſee,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O bleſt at home with juſtly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cauſe,
Whom Heaven hath choſen at each dangerous hour
To check the inrodes of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the ſocial world from bonds and ſhame;
Oh let not luxury's fantaſtic charms
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Diſhoneſt leſſons from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
Deſpotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil counſel, and in pleaſing art,
The Judge of earth predeſtin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppoſe.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
O whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;

Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

Nor

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his heart explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Ruſtic herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II. The

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter Poet of the shade,
Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
Some constant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song
"Proclaims the passion of the grove,
"It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cukow-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On Fortune's power and Custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy sway,
Whom every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,

Think

Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

IN THE COUNTRY.

M.DCC.L.

I. 1.

HOW oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray;
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sport the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;

Oft

Oft as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part,
That ſo his generous heart
The abode of even Friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loſs to come,
I ſaw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home
Where public Praiſe and envied Greatneſs dwell.
But ſhall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's beſt deſire?
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk injoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honor'd name.

II. 2.

Thee, Townſhend, not the arms
Of ſlumbering Eaſe, nor Pleaſure's roſy chain,
Were deſtin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſhell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
His redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom Envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue control,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery seas,
The night estrang'd from ease
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdaining the reward.

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sovran mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
"From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legiſlators in his preſence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The ſtateſman ſhall the ſecond palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiſcerning praiſe,
More glittering trophies raiſe:
But wiſeſt heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, ſave wide bleſſings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall the atchievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the ſongs of conqueſt yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe
Than Pym's free virtue choſe,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,

Let

Let menac'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unbless'd he liv'd, and how dishonor'd fell.

Thence never hath the Muse
Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:
Nor shall one poet's tongue
His name for Music's pleasing labor chuse.
And sure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-submitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise
Nothing can seem but Virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There shall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's croud,
The slanderous and the loud,
Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,
Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
Without his guidance, his superior hand.

And

And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt:
On Power's grave ſeat confeſs'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear the enchanted echos round
Through fartheſt heaven reſound
Wiſe Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of juſt and true.
They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to fight
Cloth'd in the faireſt colours of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townſhend, thus may Time, the judge ſevere,
Inſtruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I ſpeak of one to freedom dear
For planning wiſely and for acting well,
Of one whom glory loves to own,
Who ſtill by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends purſued;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendſhip," will I ſay,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath
"view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the ſprings within the mind
Which prompt her ſteps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleaſing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praiſe.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any paſſion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's ſelf appears.

III. For

III.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise, depends;
To which, of course, it's real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the same
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

O D E VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir

Whoſe muſic charms the banks of Seine,
So full, ſo free, ſo rich a ſtrain
E'er dictated the warbling Muſe.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-diſſembled art
That can ſuch harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and paſſions true,
Recall to thy aſſenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This prieſt of pleaſure, who aſpires
To lead us to her ſacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her ſhrine?
Say (her ſweet influence to thy ſong
So may the goddeſs ſtill afford)
Doth ſhe conſent to be ador'd
With ſhameleſs love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chryſippus here
Need we in high indignant phraſe
From their Elyſian quiet raiſe;
But pleaſure's oracle alone
Conſult; attentive, not ſevere.
O pleaſure, we blaſpheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V. We

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

O D E VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

M.DCC.LIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.

Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonour'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1. No

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
And ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine

Could longer guard from reaſon's warfare ſage;
Not the wild rabble to ſedition wrought,
Nor ſynods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's ſpirit looſe, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where ſhall recompence be found?
Or how ſuch arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious ſcene;
What rugged ſpaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The ſhade
Of death, mean time, does oft invade
Her progreſs; nor, to us diſplay'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected ſpoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own juſt heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy ſucceſs behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praiſe,
And hail Thee in our public ways
Like ſome great ſpirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy ſteps on earth, and when by us reſign'd
Thou join'ſt thy ſeniors, that heroic throng
Who reſcued or preſerv'd the rights of human kind,

O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which Thou haſt kept intire from force and factious guile.

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frolick chear,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,

As

As memory brings it to the eye
From ſcenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a ſatiriſt could there
Or fault or indiſcretion find;
Nor any prouder ſage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whoſe form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor ſhows.

V.

This ſure is beauty's happieſt part:
This gives the moſt unbounded ſway:
This ſhall enchant the ſubject heart
When roſe and lily fade away;
And ſhe be ſtill, in ſpite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy ſtray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my ſtudious theme?
From this philoſophic page,
From the problems of the ſage,
Wandering through a pleaſing dream?

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without Love, you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE X.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

M.DCC.LI.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to reſtrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Herculean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides;
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III. Who

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and ſavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was every Bard,
When lately in the Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Though liſtening realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:

How

How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakeſpeare debonnair and mild
Brought that ſtrange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew:
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The ſame kind office thou wouldſt pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future Bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name,
From each abſurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

M.DCC.LVIII.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore,
Who from the warrior bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and ſoldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the ſteer the wintery plough to endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted? whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your ſwords

To

To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas! the while
Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway?
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store:
And every port is crouded with thy sails,
And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane.

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd sublime
Amid thy floating bulwarks, hou canst see,
With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime

Dash'd

Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor stronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies station'd round the throne
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conquest, and from servile shame,
In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural state,
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native poſt?
Who moſt their country's fame and fortune ſhare,
'Tis theirs to ſhare her toils, her perils moſt.
Each man his taſk in ſocial life ſuſtains.
With partial labours, with domeſtic gains,
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counſel and by arms the public cauſe
To ſerve for public love and love's applauſe,
The firſt employment far, the nobleſt hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabion ſons? the Scipios, matchleſs line?
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and the ſwain
Met his lov'd patron's ſummons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their houſhold gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and ſteer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be loſt among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unſubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with ſcorn of violence and wrong

Doth

Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawleſs tumult prompts the ruſtic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now diſdain
Thoſe homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw thoſe kind ties around their ſimple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By ſuccour, faithful counſel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light diſcord tear
A ſtate? and impotent ſedition's crime?
The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey.
Inſtruct the valiant. There would civil ſway
The riſing race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marſhal'd field their ſteps unite,
And in glad ſplendor bring before their ſight
One common cauſe and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your taſk diſown,
Though war's proud votaries look on ſevere;
Though ſecrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.

Let

Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires, nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd:
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt:
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to You addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtic Love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE XII.

ON

RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

IN THE COUNTRY.

M.DCC.LVIII.

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove.

III. Now,

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
" Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
" Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
" Meet thee beneath yon chesnut bower,
" And lenient on thy bosom pour
" That indolence divine which lulls the earth and
" skies."

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee reſtor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late reſounded o'er the land
The voice of glory, ſolemn and ſevere,
My Dorian harp ſhall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And ſend a leſs-ambitious lay
Of Friendſhip and of Love to greet thy maſter's ear.

VII.

For when within thy ſhady ſeat
Firſt from the ſultry town he choſe,
And the tir'd ſenate's cares, his wiſh'd repoſe,
Then waſt thou mine; to me a happier home
For ſocial leiſure: where my welcome feet,
Eſtrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the reſtleſs vulgar ſtrays,
Through nature's ſimple paths with ancient faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his ſylvan ſcene
My Dyſon led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their ſages came: oft heard our lingering walk
The Mantuan muſic warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend ſhade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd eaſe or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favour'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven assign'd
"To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
"One wish, one utmost hope confess?
"Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
"Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH.

M.DCC.LI.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms.
Yet,

Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
For ſacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urged thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift, and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye god-like ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals with the bleſs'd inroll'd,
Say did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labour'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love:
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas! to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,

The

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often said,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own.

III.

But, flattering god,
O squanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Will care's rude lesson learn to please?
O say, deceiver, hast thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honour, female shame,
O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
From Albion dost thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favourite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;
Who selfish, bold desire
Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;
Alas! of thee forlorn,
What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

II. Behold;

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs enquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſhold mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Through noiſe and ſpleen and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs, harraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtriſe and grief the fond invective lore:

At

At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

B. 1. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian law-giver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works. —At Platæa was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides.—Cymon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ.' ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ.
ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ.
ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΤΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ.
ΑΜΑ.

ΟΙΔΕ.

ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΛΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Aſſail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the ſhore,
Hath ſuch a labour been atchiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the ſame
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crouded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ariſtides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common intereſt of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had ſold themſelves to the Perſian king. In one of his Odes he expreſſes the great diſtreſs and anxiety of his mind, occaſioned by the vaſt preparations of Xerxes againſt Greece.

Greece. (Isthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed. And as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other*, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That

Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his fellow-citizens in both theſe reſpects ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceeding obſervation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his "Defence of the "people of England" againſt Salmaſius. See particularly the manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward the Third; from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings, third Earl of Huntingdon by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarſdale in Derbyſhire, the Earls of Devonſhire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The houſe in which they met is at preſent a farm-houſe; and the country people diſtinguiſh the room where they ſat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy againſt the proteſtant eſtabliſhment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower houſe of convocation.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip; having been introduced, forſooth, at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs. At the ſame time in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen; a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very ſplendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour "ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandebourg, à "Berlin & à la Haye;" with a privilege ſigned FREDERIC; the ſame being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary paſſages, are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il ſe fit une migration" (the author is ſpeaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples "dans l'hiſtorie: un peuple entier ſortit du royaume "par l'eſprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour rece-"voir ſous un autre ciel la communion ſous les deux "eſpeces: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainſi

" & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans " d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clement " Marot."

Page 242.] " La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, " & l'amour propre intereſſa bientot le ciel au deſtin des " hommes."

HYMN

HYMN.

TO THE

NAIADS.

M.DCC.XLVI.

THE Nymphs, who preſide over ſprings and rivulets, are addreſſed at day-break, in honor of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered, as giving motion to the air and exciting ſummer-breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health, when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe: which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they

are celebrated for the friendſhip which the Muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive: in oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs; and the God of day,
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of ſleep; nor ſhall my lyre
Too far into the ſplendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my obſervant hand
Shall cloſe the ſtrain ere any ſultry beam
Approach you. To your ſubterranean haunts
Ye then may timely ſteal; to pace with care
The humid ſands; to looſen from the ſoil
The bubbling ſources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To ſlumber, ſhelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where ſhall my ſong begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praiſe and copious—Firſt of things,
Firſt of the lonely powers, ere Time aroſe,

Were

Were love and Chaos. Love the fire of Fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many ſons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentleſs father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper ſky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And ſpotleſs Veſta; while ſupreme of ſway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy crowned race,
Who from a thouſand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads: Arethuſa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that ſweet name,
Banduſia; that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honor'd tribes
Below'd of Pæon. Liſten to my ſtrain,
Daughters of Tethys: liſten to your praiſe.

You, Nymphs the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beſeecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They aſk: Favonius and the mild South-weſt
From you relief implore. Your ſallying ſtreams
Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, diſporting; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To ſweep the noxious mildew; or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft the parched earth

Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, faſt by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend ſcene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and haply, while he ſcans
The ruins, with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confeſs; and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye ſupplied
Your general dews to nurſe them in their prime.

Pales, the paſture's queen, where-e'er ye ſtray,
Purſues your ſteps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuſeth hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,

Her

Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.

For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames, receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
"And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind society to men.
"By you my function and my honor'd name
"Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,

"Or

" Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
" By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
" The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
" Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
" Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
" Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
" Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
" Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
" Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
" Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
" Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
O Naiads, which from tongues cœlestial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power:
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own seat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hospitable arts
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine

Imparting

Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge,
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Cœleſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.

Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs; ſhe who ſaves,
From poiſonous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling ſnares

Of

Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To ſlake his veins: till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels; waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic Thyrſus with my ſong.

For

For not eſtrang'd from you benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; wafts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and ſoon
Flies pain; flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And fineſt breath, which from the genial ſtrife
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light

O'er

O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.
My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœleſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings

That

That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares:
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heavenly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames

Of

O Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aspires
From such instructors to inform his breast
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams

His

His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the bless'd,
Where sacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

NOTES

ON THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

Page 301. l. 1. — *Love* ——

Elder than Chaos.] Heſiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings; though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperior: which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being obſervable not only in Heſiod, but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe: and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſsly ſtiled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and "Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were firſt; and "that Love was produced from an egg, which the "ſable-winged night depoſited in the immenſe boſom "of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved, that the Love deſigned by this comic poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelf-exiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe which

which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves; and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in latter times call

" Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten " Night;" who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets, as being herſelf the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth " the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the na- " tures which it contained within itſelf in a ſtate of " perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven had its boun- " dary determined; the generation of the earth; the " depth of the ocean; and alſo the ſapient Love, the " moſt ancient, the ſelf-ſufficient; with all the beings " which he produced when he ſeparated one thing " from another." Which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe in the firſt book of his metaphyſics than any of thoſe which he has there quoted, to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connexion, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name, are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all queſtion they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a ſet of public and ſolemn forms of devotion: as appears

pears by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes hath almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt Ariſtogiton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder of their moſt holy myſteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the myſterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind cannot be better expreſſed than in that remarkable deſcription with which they inſpired the German editor Eſchenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipſic: "Theſaurum me reperiſſe credidi," ſays he, "& profecto theſaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo "me ſacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deo- "rum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere "cogebar, quod vel ſolum horrorem incutere animo "poteſt, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem conſum- "ſerim in contemplando urbis ſplendore, & in adeun- "dis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola nox "reſtabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui. In abyſ- "ſum quendam myſteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis "deſcendere videbar, quotieſcunque ſilente mundo, "ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et luna μελανηφάτες iſtos "hymnos ad manus ſumſi."

l. 1. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigeſted maſs of Moſes and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature."

l. 1. *Love, the ſire of Fate.*] Fate is the univerſal ſyſtem of natural cauſes; the work of the Omnipotent

Mind, or of Love; ſo Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud "eſt fatum, quam quod de unoquoque noſtrum deus "fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in The Firſt Book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod *Græci* "ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id eſt, ordinem ſeriemque cauſa-"rum, cum cauſa cauſæ nexa rem ex ſe gignat—ex quo "intelligitur, ut fatum ſit non id quod ſuperſtitioſe, "ſed id quod phyſice dicitur cauſa æterna rerum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three Fates, or Deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Heſiod. Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddeſs is directly ſtiled the mother of Neceſſity, and is repreſented, immediately after, as governing the three Deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of natural cauſes.

l. 2. *Born of Fate was Time*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Cœlum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offſpring of the earth and the ſtarry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceeding note.

l. 3.

l. 3. *Who many sons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by Time.

l. 4, 5. *The child of Rhea.*] Jupiter, so called by Pindar.

l. 5. *Drove him from the upper sky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

l. 6. *Then social reign'd.*] Our mythology here supposeth, that before the establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφελογερέτης, the Air: though he also represented the plastic principle of nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

l. 10. *The sedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

l. 12, 13. *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of

the Greek mythology. Homer Odyſſ. xiii. κεραι Διός. Virgil, in the eigth book of the Æneid, ſpeaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Penus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

l. 16. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

l. 16, 17. *The tribes below'd by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the phyſician of the gods.

l. 19. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Heſiod and Apollodorus, were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

l. 22. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

l. 25.

l. 25 *Your sallying streams*,.] The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

P. 302. l. 16. *Delian king*.] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

l. 25. *Chloris*.] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

l. 29. *Amalthea*.] The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymœtes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean; there he saw the island of Nysa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin, whose name was Amalthea; had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was

thence

" thence called the Hesperian horn and afterwards " the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the jea- " lousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, " with his mother, in the island of Nysa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to

—— " that Nysean isle
" Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,
" (Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)
" Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
" Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye."

P. 303. l. 10. *Edonian band.*] The priestesses and other ministers of Bacchus; so called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

l. 21. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author of the Indigitamenta, in these beautiful lines:

Ἑρμήνευ πάντων, κερδέμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χειρέσθιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμέμφες.

P. 304. l. 7. *Dispense the mineral treasure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to

to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

P. 304. l. 22. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of war; for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that "from "bounty iſſueth power."

P. 29, 30. *Calpe — Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biſcay.

P. 305. l. 6. *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Perſian navy.

l. 16. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his "Life of Themiſtocles," deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

P. 306. l. 30, *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff, or ſpear, wreathed round with ivy; of conſtant uſe in the bacchanalian myſteries.

P. 307. l. 23. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

P. 308. l. 19. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits of Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa,

the other eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

P. 309. l. 1. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole paſſage, concerning the effects of ſacred muſic among the gods, is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

P. 310. l. 6. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian muſic was fantaſtic and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

l. 11, 12. *The gates where Pallas holds*
The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys; and on that account ſtiled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

l. 19, 20. *Fate of ſober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian prieſts and women, for deſpiſing their myſteries.

l. 27, 28. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pauſanias, in his Tenth Book, gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi and the eminences of "Parnaſſus, in a road to the grotto of Corycium, "which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is "by far the moſt remarkable which I have ſeen. One "may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is "of a conſiderable height and hath ſeveral ſprings "within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water "diſtills from the ſhell and roof, ſo as to be continu-"ally dropping on the ground. The people round "Parnaſſus hold it ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and "to Pan."

l. 28. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountanious and rocky ſituation, on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

P. 311. l. 7. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner; ſolely by way of exerciſe: the manner itſelf being now almoſt intirely abandoned in poetry. And as the meer genealogy, or the perſonal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed; to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

INSCRIP.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Where plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſtering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Freſh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O ſtranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy name
Wiſe Pallas and the immortal Muſes own,

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudness of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in Summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imbosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence

A low

A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou see'st
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's slaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of Sport and Pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds

Of conſcious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakeſpeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life.
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI. FOR

VI

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down intire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale

Are all my offspring: and each Nymph, who guards
The copſes and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obeys me. Many changes have I ſeen
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of Juſtice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Againſt the tyrants of the land, againſt
The unhallow'd ſons of luxury and guile,
Was arm'd for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in laws divine, I know the paths
Of Wiſdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft preſag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My ſhade, a while releas'd from public cares,
Yon peaceful gate ſhall enter, and ſit down
Beneath my branches. Then his muſing mind
I prompt, unſeen; and place before his view
Sincereſt forms of good; and move his heart
With the dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of gods and men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
The lofty voice of Glory and the faith
Of ſacred Friendſhip. Stranger, I have told
My function. If within thy boſom dwell
Aught which may challenge praiſe, thou wilt not leave
Unhonour'd my abode, nor ſhall I hear
A ſparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom the Bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Across my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd

By faithful memory. And then at ſome
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majeſtic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious ſtrains;
That all mankind ſhall wonder at your ſway.

IX.

ME though in life's ſequeſter'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilſome ways,
And the great ſcenes of public praiſe;
Yet let me ſtill with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early muſic to my tongue ſupply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd.
And, This be thy concern, he ſaid,
At once with Paſſion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleaſurable charms,
And ſacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemiſh'd plan,
His reaſon, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

THRICE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter riſes on thy ſhame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſhell,
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my ſkill through ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
With praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed birth and parts, who, upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuſe and extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a large and ſplendid fortune; to ſupply the want of which, he was driven to the neceſſity of abetting the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, although he had before been a profeſſed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himſelf with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the civil war. This epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at laſt a ſucceſsful oppoſition to an unpopular miniſter, had deſerted the cauſe of his country, and become the foremoſt in ſupport and defence of the ſame meaſures he had ſo ſtoutly and for ſuch a length of time contended againſt. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio;" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. N.

If every tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muſe beſtow'd;
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And Freedom ſmil'd on the devoted Bard:
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's generous hopes in duſt;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering ſpark with anxious eyes,
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe.
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more intire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.

But

But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I still believ'd thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone:
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

Do

Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart incloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun the inchanted ear
To all that reaſon, all that ſenſe, would hear?
Elſe could'ſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe could'ſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice,
And yield thy glories at an ideot's price?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure;
When taught by theſe, Oppreſſion hid the face
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore;
Then, like ſome guardian god that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from an inſtant grave,
Whom, ſleeping and ſecure, the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio roſe to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedleſs, and incite the flow,
Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantreſs by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confeſs'd:
Thy powerful voice the reſcued merchant bleſs'd;

Of thee with awe the rural hearth refounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful failor crowns;
Touch'd in the fighing fhade with manlier fires,
To trace thy fteps the love-fick youth afpires;
The learn'd recluſe, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to fhare in fuch forgotten fame;
And he who, fcorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of theſe dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues facred from a monarch's view,
Rouz'd by thy labours from the bleſt retreat,
Where ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Again afcending treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadſt been.
Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, ſtruck with new diſmay,
Shrunk at their frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock, the Public Genius roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, the glorious horror ran;

Each

Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at laſt appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! Guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement ſteady to the goal.
Ye ſpirits, by whoſe providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the beſt in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his paſſions bind!
Ye ſhades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the ſcaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The ſword ſubmitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power chaſtis'd beneath her ſtands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wiſeſt arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to nobleſt manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was fought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.
'Twas then--O Shame! O Truſt how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithleſs ſons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reaſon ſtole?
What ſpells unſinew'd thy determin'd ſoul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?

Thi

This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and despis'd by all?
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe de y'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws controul,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a nobler centre for its cares;

Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at Pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted sire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi, * where the Bruti stay!

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus lost their lives in attempting to introduce the only regulation that could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence. AKENSIDE.

O long

O long rever'd, and late resign'd to shame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-dress beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself—if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
Which labour could not stop, nor fear controul?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled reason straight indignant flew,
And fair persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;

No

No longer Virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty confeſt,
Still bright and brighter wakes the Almighty flame,
To rouze the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes roll,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all involves the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Soon the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breaſt, and ſtab the generous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from Truth to Frenzy toſt,
And all the tenor of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear;
While ſome with pity, ſome with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes reſign;
For ſee the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy ariſe!
Dark as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies;
Where, from the firſt of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjuſt remain.

Eternal

Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wanderer of the curſt abode;
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The heights ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates:
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful dæmon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt *.
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſt ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns inſlav'd and continents laid waſte;
But long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,

* Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce * Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
" He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
" With surer arts to work what we design'd,
" From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
" Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
" Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their power,
" He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
" Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
" And quench the spirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep controul,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
" Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"

* Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason. AKENSIDE.

Though

Though bolder now ſhe urge the accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame;
Yet ſome there are who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whoſe art for nobleſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, though fated to the ſtudious ſhade
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious power invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe,
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind;
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes, lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes:
Through each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted paradiſe of Love,

Misled by sickly hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.
At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And strip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.
For silver streams and banks bespread with flowers,
For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,
Lo! sullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Disdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to ideot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving shown.
See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of terror, scorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!

And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in thoſe arms that points his head with ſhame!
There wan Dejection, faultering as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe;
Muſing through pathleſs wilds, conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the roſy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at baſhful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer.
See fell Remorſe in action, prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon through the conſcious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious ſhame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.

Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this the Elyſium of a ſober brain;
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bleſs her hard bonds, and boaſt to be her ſlave;
To feel, for trifles, a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can ſenſe, can reaſon, ſtoop ſo low?
When Virtue, at an eaſier price, diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe;

When Wiſdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.
I bid adieu, then, to theſe woeful ſcenes;
I bid adieu to all the ſex of queens;
Adieu to every ſuffering, ſimple ſoul
That lets a woman's will his eaſe controul.
There laugh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
For me, I ſcorn to boaſt that I'm a ſlave.
I bid the whining brotherhood be gone,
Joy to my heart! my wiſhes are my own!
Farewell the female heaven, the female hell;
To the great God of Love a glad farewell.
Is this the triumph of thy awful name?
Are theſe the ſplendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
When firſt my boſom own'd thy haughty ſway?
When thus Minerva heard thee, boaſting, ſay,
" Go, martial maid, elſewhere thy arts employ,
" Nor hope to ſhelter that devoted boy.
" Go teach the ſolemn ſons of care and age,
" The penſive ſtateſmen, and the midnight ſage;
" The young with me muſt other leſſons prove,
" Youth calls for Pleaſure, Pleaſure calls for Love.
" Behold his heart thy grave advice diſdains,
" Behold I bind him in eternal chains."
Alas! great Love, how idle was the boaſt!
Thy chains are broken, and thy leſſons loſt;
Thy wilful rage has tir'd my ſuffering heart,
And paſſion, reaſon, forc'd thee to depart.
But wherefore doſt thou linger on thy way?
Why vainly ſearch for ſome pretence to ſtay,

When

When crowds of vaſſals court thy pleaſing yoke,
And countleſs victims bow them to the ſtroke?
Lo! round thy ſhrine a thouſand youths advance,
Warm with the gentle ardours of romance;
Each longs to aſſert thy cauſe with feats of arms,
And make the world confeſs Dulcinea's charms.
Ten thouſand girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
To groves and ſtreams thy tender triumph ſound;
Each bids the ſtream in murmurs ſpeak her flame,
Each calls the grove to ſigh her ſhepherd's name.
But, if thy pride ſuch eaſy honour ſcorn,
If nobler trophies muſt thy toil adorn,
Behold yon flowery antiquated maid
Bright in the bloom of threeſcore years diſplay'd;
Her ſhalt thou bind in thy delightful chains,
And thrill with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
Her froſty cheek with crimſon bluſhes dye,
With dreams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
Turn then thy labours to the ſervile crowd,
Entice the wary, and controul the proud;
Make the ſad miſer his beſt gains forego,
The ſolemn ſtateſman ſigh to be a beau.
The bold coquette with fondeſt paſſion burn,
The bacchanalian o'er his bottle mourn:
And that chief glory of thy power maintain,
"To poiſe ambition in a female brain."
Be theſe thy triumphs. But no more preſume
That my rebellious heart will yield thee room.
I know thy puny force, thy ſimple wiles;
I break triumphant through thy flimſy toils:

I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
I feel diviner fires my breast inflame,
To active science, and ingenuous fame:
Resume the paths my earliest choice began,
And lose, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muse
Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
She summons all her ardour, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the Muse boast? or what attention now

Is

Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The Britiſh ſpirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the ſuppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to ſtrangers given,
Be now with-held from ſons? Each nobler thought,
That warm'd our fires, is loſt and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to ſhake this vile degenerate ſloth;
I'll dare to rouze Britannia's dreaming ſons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various powers of forceful ſpeech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, tranſport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arouzing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The ſoft perſuaſion of the Roman ſage!
Come all! and raiſe me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cauſe!
Leſt my beſt efforts failing ſhould debaſe
The ſacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muſe attempts to ſoar. Yet what need theſe?
My country's fame, my free-born Britiſh heart,
Shall be my beſt inſpirers, raiſe my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my ſoul.
Oh! could I give the vaſt ideas birth
Expreſſive of the thoughts that flame within,

No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty; ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dyed
With her beſt blood, for that arouzing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When reſcued Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords? And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her power,
Inſult her ſtandard, and inſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boaſt

Call

Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons,
See! how they run the ſame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,

How

How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belye their birth!
Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
In all its splendors; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For Right and Britain: Then display the joys
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celestial on his passing soul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected splendor; then descend,

Though to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his ſteps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; every boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes: Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe
Your glory queſtion'd: She beholds with joy;
She owns, ſhe triumphs in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and terrible in arms
For battle ſhakes her adamantine ſpear:

Loud

Loud at her foot the Britiſh lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land
You were not born for ſlaves: Let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

" O Vitæ Philoſophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix,
" expultrixque Vitiorum. — Tu Urbes peperiſti;
" tu inventrix Legum, tu magiſtra Morum &
" Diſciplinæ fuiſti: Ad te confugimus, a te Opem
" petimus." Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my labouring mind.

II. But

II.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee:
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me stand;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sky,
Disclose her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
Through every maze pursue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
And all their changes view.

VI. Say

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond controul;
Which ſeek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole.

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours dreſt;
While, prompt her ſallies to controul,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
And cautious ſteps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Through each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial nature's ties;
The plan the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Through private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my paſſions fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Through every various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt Retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee, what were human-kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil!
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On fortune's faithleſs ſea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with Thee.

END OF AKENSIDE'S POEMS.

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POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.

ODE

ON THE

SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cukow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade *,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

* - - - - a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
SHAKESP. MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM.

Still

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herd's repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun †.

To contemplation's ſober eye ‡
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

* "Nare per æſtatem liquidam—"
VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.

† - - - - - ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their waved coats drop'd with gold.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VII.

‡ While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, IN THE GROTTO.
DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES, vol. v. p. 161.

Methinks

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply ;
Poor Moraliſt ! and what art thou ?
A ſolitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay :
On haſty wings thy youth is flown :
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone —
We frolick while 'tis May.

ODE

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs Nymph with wonder ſaw :
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize ;
What female heart can gold deſpiſe ?
What Cat's averſe to fiſh ?

Preſumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate ſate by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd ;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard,
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize ;
Not all that gliſters, gold.

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὰ δυσχερῆ.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain?

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

I feel

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
DRYDEN's FABLE on the PYTHAG. SYSTEM.

Gay

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind;
Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.

* — Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
DRYDEN'S FABLE of PALAMON and ARCITE.

Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where Ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

HYMN

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

—— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.

Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

* — "ſquilla di lontano
"Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore."
DANTE. PURGAT. I. 8.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt.
Or Flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
" Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
" Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
" To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

* " Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
" Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
" Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."

PETRARCH, SON. 169.

" There

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in ſad array
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Miſery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

* — preventoſa ſpeme. PETRARCH. SON. 114.

THE

THE

PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν. ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Author firſt publiſhed this and the following Ode, he was adviſed, even by his Friends, to ſubjoin ſome few explanatory Notes; but had too much reſpect for the underſtanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

* AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
DAVID'S PSALMS.

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰολὶς μολπὰ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ ἀυλῶν. Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
† Perching on the ſcepter'd hand

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent ſallies of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a faint imitation of ſome incomparable lines in the ſame Ode.

Of

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
‡ The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς ϑηεῖτο ποδῶν· ϑαύμαζε δὲ ϑυμῷ.

HOMER. OD. Θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι.
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἵμερος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the ſolar ‖ road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the ſhivering native's dull abode.

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given to mankind by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence, to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar. COWLEY.

‡ Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welſh Fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs.]

‖ "Extra anni ſoliſque vias—" VIRGIL.
"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole." PETRARCH, CANZON 2.

And

And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languiſh
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

Till

Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
‡ He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:

* Shakeſpeare.

† Milton.

‡ " — flammantia mœnia mundi." LUCRETIUS.

The

* The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
† Cloſ'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
‡ Two courſes of ethereal race,
§ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‖ Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
** But ah! 'tis heard no more—

* For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire-ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. EZEKIEL i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δόλον δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδὴν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

§ Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder? JOB.

‖ Words, that weep, and tears, that ſpeak. COWLEY.

** We have had, in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr Maſon, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his Choruſes—above all, in the laſt of Caractacus.

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
* That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

* Διὸς πρὸξε ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

THE

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

' RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
' Confuſion on thy banners wait,
' Though, fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
' * They mock the air with idle ſtate.
' Helm, nor † hauberk's twiſted mail,
' Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail
' To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
' From Cambria's curſe from Cambria's tears!

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
SHAKESPEARE's KING JOHN.

† The hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

Such were the sounds, that o'er the * crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of † Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout ‡ Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried § Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(|| Loose his beard, and hoary hair
** Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

* — The crested adder's pride. Dryden's Indian Queen.

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the first, says, "Ad ortum "amnis Conway ad clivum montis Eriery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes "montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."

‡ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

|| The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

** Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

And

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they weave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main;
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'* On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd † eagle screams, and passes by.

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

† Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. published by Ray.]

' Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
' * Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
' Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—
' No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
' On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
' I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
' Avengers of their native land:
' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
' And † weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" ‡ When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
" Shrieks of an agonizing King;
" || She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That viſit my ſad heart. SHAKESP. JUL. CÆSAR.

† See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

‡ Edward the ſecond, cruelly butchered in Berkley-caſtle.

|| Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

" That

" That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" * From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
" wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" † Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the sable ‡ Warrior fled?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
" The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born;
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.
" Fair || laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

* Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

† Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

‡ Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.

|| Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare:
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe!
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And through the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his || Conſort's faith, his Father's § fame,
" And ſpare the meek ¶ Uſurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

|| Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized, The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above

" Above, below, the * roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread:
" The briſtled † boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun).
" ‡ Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
' Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!

* The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

† The ſilver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‡ Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

' No more our long-loſt * Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, † ye genuine Kings; Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous Dames and Stateſmen old,
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a Form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port ‡, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play;
' Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin ||, hear;
' They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay,

* It was the common belief of the Welſh nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the Houſe of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, 'And thus ſhe, lion-'like riſing, daunted the malapert orator no leſs with her ſtately 'port and majeſtical deporture, than with the tartneſſe of her 'princelie chekes.

|| Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

' Bright

' Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
' Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
' * Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress.
' In † buskin'd measures move
' Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
' With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
' A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' ‖ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: With joy I see
' The different doom our Fates assign.
' Be thine Despair, and sceptre'd Care;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
SPENSER's *Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*

† Shakespeare. ‡ Milton.

‖ The succession of poets after Milton's time.

THE

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER OPRIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

* The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving "The Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry:" In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long ſince dropped his deſign, eſpecially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

PRE-

PREFACE.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithneſs, in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures, reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

THE

THE

FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begins to lour,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
* Iron-fleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grieſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Note — The Valkyriur were female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies chuſers of the ſlain. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp fleet of arrowy ſhower —MILTON'S PAR. REG.

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.
SHAKESPEARE'S JUL. CÆSAR.

Shafts

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda ſee,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk-craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war)

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain,

Low

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands:
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence, with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

In BARTHOLINUS, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd;
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.

* Niſlheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.

Onward

Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate;
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms preſume
To break the quiet of the tomb;
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling in the goblet, see
The Pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis, the Drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam:
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

O. Yet

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

Pr. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till * Lok has burſt his tenfold chain.
Never, till ſubſtantial night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he ſhall break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſun, ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, and fire conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his kindred deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of this mythology, ſee Mallet's Introduction to the Hiſtory of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welſh Poetry; LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

OWEN'S praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
† Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor all profuſely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way:

* Owen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales. ‡ Denmark.

There

There the Norman fails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
* The Dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thundering ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and to ſhame fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * *

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE*.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity, were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till Time shall every grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

* Wife to a physician at Epsom; she died April 27, 1757.

STANZAS,

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H———d took the pious reſolution
To ſmuggle a few years, and ſtrive to mend
A broken character and conſtitution.

On this congenial ſpot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring ſand;
Here ſea-gulls ſcream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though ſhipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the bluſtering North and blighting Eaſt,
No tree is heard to whiſper, bird to ſing;
Yet Nature could not furniſh out the Feaſt,
Art he invokes new terrors ſtill to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements ariſe,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monaſteries delude our eyes,
And mimic deſolation covers all.

"Ah!

"Ah!" faid the ſighing peer, "had B—te been true,
Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promiſes been vain,
Far other ſcenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realis'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the ſword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we ſeen proud London's hated walls;
Owls ſhould have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes ſtunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

ODE

FOR

MUSICK.

Performed in the Senate-Houſe at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the Inſtallation of his Grace Auguſtus-Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the Univerſity.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground),
"Comus, and his midnight-crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in theſe conſecrated bowers
"Let painted Flattery hide her ſerpent-train in flowers.

" Nor Envy baſe, nor creeping Gain,
" Dare the Muſe's walk to ſtain,
" While bright-eyed Science watches round:
" Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Burſts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There ſit the ſainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to ſhine
Through every unborn age and undiſcover'd clime.
Rapt in celeſtial tranſport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They ſend of tender ſympathy
To bleſs the place, where on their opening ſoul
Firſt the genuine ardor ſtole.
'Twas Milton ſtruck the deep ton'd ſhell,
And, as the choral warblings round him ſwell,
Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the rhyme.

III.

" Ye brown o'er-arching Groves,
" That Contemplation loves,
" Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
" Oft at the bluſh of dawn
" I trod your level lawn,
" Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia ſilver-bright
" In cloiſters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
" With Freedom by my ſide, and ſoft-ey'd Melan-
" choly."

IV. But

IV.

But hark! the portals found, and pacing forth
With ſolemn ſteps and ſlow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great * Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And ‖ ſad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely † Clare,
And ‡ Anjou's Heroine, and § the paler Roſe,

* Edward the Third; who added the Fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

‖ Mary de Valentia, Counteſs of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition ſays, that her huſband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was ſlain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundreſs of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

† Elizabeth de Burg, Counteſs of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, ſon and heir of the Earl of Ulſter, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Glouceſter, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the Firſt. Hence the Poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare Hall.

‡ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundreſs of Queen's College. The Poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former Ode.

§ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler Roſe, as being of the Houſe of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

The

The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And * either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majeſtic Lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human paſſions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich ſtreams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade theſe awful fanes and turret riſe,
To hail their Fitzroy's feſtal morning come;
And thus they ſpeak in ſoft accord
The liquid language of the ſkies.

V.

" What is Grandeur, what is Power?
" Heavier toil, ſuperior pain.
" What the bright reward we gain?
" The grateful memory of the Good.
" Sweet is the breath of vernal ſhower,
" The bee's collected treaſure's ſweet,
" Sweet muſic's melting fall, but ſweeter yet
" The ſtill ſmall voice of Gratitude."

VI.

Foremoſt and leaning from her golden cloud
The † venerable Marg'ret ſee!

* Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greateſt benefactor to Trinity College.

† Counteſs of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundreſs of St. John's and Chriſt's Colleges.

Welcome

" Welcome, my noble Son (she cries aloud),
" To this, thy kindred train, and me:
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
" A * Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
" The flower unheeded shall descry,
" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head:
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
" To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

" Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herself and thee.
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
" The laureat wreath, † that Cecil wore, she brings,
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
" Submits the Fasces of her sway,
" While Spirits blest above and Men below
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

* The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

† Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

" Through

VIII.

" Through the wild waves as they roar
" With watchful eye and dauntleſs mien
" Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore:
" The Star of Brunſwick ſmiles ſerene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

A

LONG STORY*.

IN Britain's iſle, no matter where,
An antient pile of building ſtands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of Fairy hands

* When Mr. Gray had put his laſt hand to the celebrated Elegy in the Country Church-yard, he communicated it to his friend Mr. Walpole, whoſe good taſte was too much charmed with it to ſuffer him to with-hold the ſight of it from his acquaintance; accordingly it was ſhewn about for ſome time in manuſcript, and received with all the applauſe it ſo juſtly merited. Amongſt the reſt of the faſhionable world, for to thoſe only it was at preſent communicated, Lady Cobham, who now lived at the manſion-houſe at Stoke-Pogis, had read and admired it. She wiſhed to be acquainted with the author; accordingly her relation, Miſs Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her houſe, undertook to bring this about by making him the firſt viſit. He happened to be from home when the Ladies arrived at his Aunt's ſolitary manſion; and, when he returned, was ſurprized to find, written on one of his papers

To raiſe the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in atchievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And paſſages, that lead to nothing *.

Full oft within the ſpacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
† My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;
The ſeal and maces danc'd before him.

papers in the parlour where he uſually read, the following note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; ſhe is ſorry "not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown "is very well." This neceſſarily obliged him to return the viſit, and ſoon after induced him to compoſe a ludicrous account of this little adventure, for the amuſement of the Ladies in queſtion. He wrote it in ballad meaſure, and entitled it a Long Story: when it was handed about in manuſcript, nothing could be more various than the opinions concerning it; by ſome it was thought a maſterpiece of original humour, by others a wild and fantaſtic farrago; and when it was publiſhed, the ſentiments of good judges were equally divided about it. See Mr. Maſon's Memoirs, vol. III. p. 125.

* The manſion-houſe at Stoke-Pogis, then in the poſſeſſion of Viſcounteſs Cobham. The ſtyle of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably deſcribed, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth ſtanzas deleniate the fantaſtic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The houſe formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon and the family of Hatton. M.

† Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful perſon and fine dancing. G.—Brawls were a ſort of figure-dance, then in vogue, and probably deemed as elegant as our modern Cotillions, or ſtill more modern Quadrilles. M.

His

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and sattin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
* A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but teaze her.
Melissa is her *Nom de Guerre*.
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

* The reader is already apprised who these Ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham in the eighth stanza. M.

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the ſhape of * Mr. P—t,
(By this time all the pariſh know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peaſants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And ſuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheaſants.

My Lady hear'd their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd iſſue out her high commiſſion
To rid the manor of ſuch vermin.

The Heroines undertook the taſk,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er ſtiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor ſtay'd to aſk,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they ſing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up ſtairs in a whirlwind rattle.

* I have been told that this Gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much diſpleaſed at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, ſurely, without any great reaſon. M.

Each

Each hole and cubboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-ſkurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and teſter clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firſt marching of the troops
The Muſes, hopeleſs of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a ſmall cloſet in the garden.

So Rumour ſays: (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a jar,
Where, ſafe and laughing in his ſleeve,
He heard the diſtant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable;
Out of the window, wiſk, they flew,
But left a ſpell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The Poet felt a ſtrange diſorder:
Tranſparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains inviſible the border.

So cunning was the Apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did ſo move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-houſe
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no ſign of grace
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his caſe,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The Godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a bluſh, on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The court was ſat, the culprit there,
Forth from the gloomy manſions creeping
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry,
* (Styack has often ſeen the ſight)
Or at the chapel-door ſtand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The Peereſs comes. The audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

* The Houſe-keeper.

The Bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Diſprov'd the arguments of * Squib,
And all that † Groom could urge againſt him.

But ſoon his rhetorick forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him.
He ſtood as mute as poor ‡ Macleane.

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter,
" How in the Park, beneath an old tree,
" (Without deſign to hurt the butter,
" Or any malice to the poultry,)
" He once or twice had penn'd a ſonnet:
" Yet hoped, that he might ſave his bacon:
" Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
" He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghoſtly prudes with hagged § face
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My Lady roſe, and with a grace—
She ſmil'd, and bid him come to dinner ‖.

* Groom of the Chamber. G.

† The Steward. G.

‡ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before. G.

§ Hagged, *i. e.* the face of a witch or hag; the epithet Hagard has been ſometimes miſtaken, as conveying the ſame idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an Hagard. M.

‖ Here the ſtory finiſhes; the exclamation of the Ghoſts which follows is characteriſtic of the Spaniſh manners of the age, when they are ſuppoſed to have lived; and the 500 ſtanzas, ſaid to be loſt, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expoſtulation. M.

" Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
" Why, what can the Viscountess mean!
(Cried the square-hoods in woeful fidget)
" The times are alter'd quite and clean!

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
" Her air and all her manners shew it.
Commend me to her affability!
" Speak to a Commoner and Poet!"

[*Here* 500 *Stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.

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THE END OF GRAY'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.
II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON.
III. JEALOUSY. To EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;
IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

" Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
" Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
" For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
" Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
" In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
" To seek tranquility and peace with you.
" Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage,
" No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
" Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
" Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
" Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
" Too often violates your boasted rest;
" With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.

" Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
" Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
" Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:

" And

" And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
" Those lovely children of Content and Joy!
" How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
" From the same spring at the same moment flow:
" Unhappy boy! these vain enquiries cease,
" Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace:
" Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
" And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure,
" Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
" How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
" She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
" To me alone she gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my song found something to admire.
" By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
" The world that Damon, was her choice believ'd,
" The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
" When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
" In words as soft as passion could inspire,
" Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
" Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
" Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah,

" Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful service thus repaid?
" Where all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
" Or did you only nurse my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
" No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
" And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.]

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
From Love alone their melody proceeds.

From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join *.

Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

" Blest be the hour, he said, that happy hour,
" When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
" Then gloomy discontent and pining care
" Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
" Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
" Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
" These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
" There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
" When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace she
" mov'd!
" Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

*Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses, which have never been published. LYTTELT.

" And

" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
" Can no reverſe thy flattering bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd thy
" cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break!
" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Given with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the Muſe on lofty Bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bower?
" Light gales have chac'd the late impending ſhower;
" Th' emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
" The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown:
" All nature ſmiles.—Will only Delia frown!

" Hark

" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While every flower of every ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flowery couches ſleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
" If all the gems in Eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride ſhould ſhine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove:
" The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their favourite ſwain.
" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove,

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her ſhepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her enquiring ſight,
" And ſhew my merits in the faireſt light;
" My pipe your kind aſſiſtance ſhall repay,
" And every friend ſhall claim a different lay.
" But ſee! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
" O, may I find her as we parted laſt,
" And may each future hour be like the paſt!
" So ſhall the whiteſt lamb theſe paſtures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, given no bliſs ſincere;
Wealth is diſturb'd by care, and power by fear:
Of all the paſſions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the ſweeteſt joys we find:
Yet ev'n thoſe joys dire Jealouſy moleſts,
And blackens each fair image in our breaſts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the ſharpneſs of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy miſtreſs juſt,
And wiſely take thy happineſs on truſt.

Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger labouring in his breaſt—
The vale beneath a pleaſing proſpect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, a while the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But ſoon the ſtings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
"Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
"May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
"That triumphs now in that deluding face!
"Thoſe alter'd looks may every ſhepherd fly,
"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!
"Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
"To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?
"Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
"Againſt whoſe power no ties have ſtrength to bind?

" Has he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
" To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
" Has he with tranſport every ſmile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
" He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
" His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
" O pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
" Thoſe balmy lips which I was wont to preſs:
" Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
" And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!—
" I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my cloſ'd eye had ſunk in endleſs night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
" Where-e'er they paſs'd, be blaſted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!—
" Ah wretched ſwain, could no examples move
" Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
" Haſt thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain:
" Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentleſs maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
" Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;

* See Mr. Gray's Dione.

" There

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find
" And reſt, as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
" No, let me live, her falſehood to upbraid:
" Some god perhaps my juſt revenge will aid.—
" Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, wouldſt thou receive?
" Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
" Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
" The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe:
" I aſk no vengeance from the powers above;
" All I implore is never more to love.—
" Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear,
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
" Wearied, at length, I ſeek thy downy reſt:
" No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
" My future eaſe with flattering hopes of joy.
" Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye ſylvans, hear
" What by your guardian deities I ſwear;
" No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms,
" No more I'll court the traitoreſs to my arms;
" Not all her arts my ſteady ſoul ſhall move,
" And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!"—
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſt he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

To Lord Cobham.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains;
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night.
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.
Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands,

Thither,

Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bleſs'd his faithful flame:
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous god! before whoſe hallow'd ſhrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modeſty reluctant ſtrove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young deſires!
" Long ſhall my heart preſerve thy pleaſing fires,
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
" As fondly languiſh, and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear bloom of laſt propitious night!
" O ſhade more charming than the faireſt light!
" Then in my arms I claſp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
" Then firſt the ſweet exceſs of bliſs I prov'd,
" Which none can taſte but who like me have lov'd.
" Thou too, bright goddeſs, once, in Ida's grove,
" Didſt not diſdain to meet a ſhepherd's love;
" With him, while friſking lambs around you play'd,
" Conceal'd you ſported in the ſecret ſhade:
" Scarce could Anchiſes' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once moſt valued joys?
" Inſipid trifles all, and childiſh toys—
" Friendſhip itſelf ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could pleaſe like Delia's kiſs.
" Ye Muſes, ſkill'd in every winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;

" Ye nymphs, to her your freſheſt roſes bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the ſpring:
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May ſhe ne'er want, nor ever loſe, a friend!
" May ſome new pleaſure every hour employ:
" But let her Damon be her higheſt joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I ſtay,
" All night careſs thee, and admire all day;
" In the ſame field our mingled flocks we 'll feed,
" To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead,
" Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils,
" Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
" Delightful ſtate, where Peace and Love combine,
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads;
" Here riſing foreſts lift their verdant heads;
" Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
" And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
" When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
" And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
" When Time no longer will thy beauties ſpare,
" And only Damon's eye ſhall think the fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
" At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath!
" May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
" And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade!
" Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender verſe,
" Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe
" And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLI-

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

TWAS night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and ſober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, penſive, and alone,
She meditates on the forſaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She ſigh'd and thus in plaintive accents ſaid:
" Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
" To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
" What worth have all the charms our pride can boaſt,
" If all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
" Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excell;
" Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
" Beauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhown;
" Both moſt are valued, where they beſt are known.
" With every grace of nature or of art,
" We cannot break one ſtubborn country heart:
" The brutes, inſenſible, our power defy:
" To love, exceeds a ſquire's capacity.
" The town, the court, is Beauty's proper ſphere;
" That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
" In that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
" The court of Britain is the court of Love.
" How has my conſcious heart with triumph glow'd,
" How have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport ſhew'd,

" At

" At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-night ball, to ſee
" The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
" When rival ſtateſmen for my favour, ſtrove,
" Leſs jealous in their power than in their love.
" Chang'd is the ſcene; and all my glories die,
" Like flowers tranſplanted to a colder ſky:
" Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
" day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer
" (For dullneſs ever muſt be regular.)
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there;
" From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!—
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch ev'n age would glow,
" Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring Nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!

O Venus,

" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
" Let me revisit the dear town again:
" Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD,
In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine.
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honor'd shades.
When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
Chief

Chief of Confederate hosts, to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful rais'd
This palace, sacred to her leader's fame:
A trophy of success; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
Vanquish'd the might of Gallia, and chastis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of Gratitude to us—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.

Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint

Of

Of various-colour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Ister rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
With passing squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the sword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Persia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *subdue*, and that to *free* mankind.

Now, through the stately portals issuing forth,
The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and Love; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excell.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force

Broke

Broke and diſorder'd, down the ſteep it falls
In loud caſcades; the ſilver-ſparkling foam
Glitters relucent in the dancing ray.
In theſe retreats repos'd the mighty ſoul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and ſtate,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and ſooth'd his thoughts
With pleaſing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd ſucceſsful war
Againſt the pride of Aſia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whoſe aſpiring mind
No loſſes could ſubdue, enrich'd with ſpoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement paſt
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm ſhades of honourable eaſe,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Heaven
Gave a companion to his ſofter hours,
With whom converſing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of ſtate, and in her mind
Found greatneſs equal to his own, and lov'd
Himſelf in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondneſs join'd:
Like two fair ſtars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together ſhone,
Aiding each other's brightneſs, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.

Thee,

Thee, Churchill, firſt the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſooths her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly ſtands
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings; his hand
Graſps Victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube ſought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill
A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! This, with better auſpices,
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves

Firſt

Firſt tun'd the Britiſh harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling ſhould the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, houſe ſuperb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching ſhall not paſs
His roof unnoted, but reſpectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muſe
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O ſhade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the ſtarry ſphere
Dwell'ſt in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while preſent here below,
And ſacred ſtill to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preſerve it ſafe
From Time's deſtroying hand, and cruel ſtroke
Of factious Envy's more relentleſs rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the Britiſh youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy ſucceſsful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So ſhall thy name,
Dear to thy country, ſtill inſpire her ſons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations ſav'd' new monuments require,
And other Blenheims ſhall adorn the land.

TO THE

REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

SAY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty:
How the same hands that tyrants durst control
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?

Does calm Philoſophy her aid impa
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doſe,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd, repoſe;
But Reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Diſpel the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her mildeſt guide!

* Bp. Hough.

O gene-

O generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
Nor, baſely ſervile, court the guilty great,
Nor raiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
To error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the *law of love* by fear.
The prieſt who plagues the world can never mend;
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reaſon and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
By foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.
A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by cuſtom's force and bigot fear,
To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:
Whoſe nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
From each low tool of power, content receive
Thoſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whoſe people (vain in want, in bondage bleſt;
Though plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, though oppreſt)

With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate.
Yet here the Muſes deign'd a while to ſport
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe and ſharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſe,
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakeſpeare's force and fire!
Now ſweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleaſure, I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects' ſtore,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtyle Ambition GREAT*.
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew†;
Where, ſick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Verſailles.

† Chantilly.

Beneath

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue clos'd.
With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury *:
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind?
O native iſle, fair Freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No power can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs, with pious love, the ſacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wifely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice,
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were free!

* St. Cloud.

TO

MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who

Who fears bright Glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.

So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtor'd ſhall, on her downy wing,
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then, to the ſhades of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Though wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul,
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.—
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt:
Bids every gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of ever-gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!
Thy ſoul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For Heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
" A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
" With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,

" Whoſe

" Whoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
" Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs:
" Thy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat, ſhall ſhare;
" Sweeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
" Her ſmiles the taſte of every joy ſhall raiſe,
" And add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
" Till charm'd you own the truth my verſe would
" prove,
" That happineſs is near allied to love."

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who ſhall find
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

AN
EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.
FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, chear'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:

Not

Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupplied the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mouldering ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe horrid ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flowers I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:
" Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
" Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
" When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
" To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
" Great bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
" To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
" If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
" Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,

" No more let meaner ſatire dim the rays
" That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
" In all the flowery paths of Pindus ſtray,
" But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
" Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
" Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
" Of thee more worthy were thy taſk, to raiſe
" A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
" To ſing the land, which yet alone can boaſt
" That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
" Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
" And plants her palm beneath the olive's ſhade.
" Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
" Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
" Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
" With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
" Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
" But pleas'd a mild Auguſtus to obey.
" If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
" Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live,
" Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire;
" And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
" Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy lays,
" And join the patriot's to the poet's praiſe."

TO

LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

" Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
" Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
" Eſt ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus." HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to ſhine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long abſent and forgotten friend;
Who, after ſeas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native ſhore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the ſhades of his paternal ſeat,
Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's ſtyle;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies,
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forc'd by toilſome art and wild deſire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire,

But,

But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may ſhare.
Yet half mankind this eaſy good diſdain,
Nor reliſh happineſs unbought by pain;
Falſe is their taſte of bliſs, and thence their ſearch is vain.
So idle, yet ſo reſtleſs, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to ſeek Content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaſeleſs change of ſhifted place
Can from the heart a ſettled grief eraſe,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the diſtemper'd mind of aking care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whoſe rooted point his bleeding boſom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himſelf that torment which he flies.
For how ſhould ills, which from our paſſions flow,
Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Ruſſia's ſnow?
Or how can aught but powerful reaſon cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneaſy diſcord to compoſe;
In generous love of others good, to find
The ſweeteſt pleaſures of the ſocial mind;
To bound his wiſhes in their proper ſphere;
To nouriſh pleaſing hope, and conquer anxious fear:

This

This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.
Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.
May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M. DCC. XXXI.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.

Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere;
But greater yours, ſincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue;
Lovers and Miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When moſt ye tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:

Of

Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool*.
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis uglineſs in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse; but then be fondly kind.

The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;

And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than ſell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe or hate,
For the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
The moſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the ſpecious name of *wife;*
A maid ſo wedded is *a whore for life.*
Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and eaſy fortune given,
Think not, the Huſband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won:
And oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
The *lover* in the *huſband* may be loſt;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the Virtues *meeting* muſt *ſecure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs.*
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow.
The *houſhold ſceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:

Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus, I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III. If

III.

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of Horace and Lydia.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has ſtol'n a part;
Reaſon theſe fears may diſapprove:
But yet I fear, becauſe I love.

DELIA.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falſehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;

You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

ODE,

O D E.

In Imitation of FASTOR FIDO.

(" O primavera gioventu del anno.")

Written Abroad in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possest;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear:
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V. Chear-

V.

hee rleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

("Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a ſhining ſtore,
And, much poſſeſſing, labour ſtill for more;
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure, and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I'll waſte the wintery hours in ſocial mirth;
In Summer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In Autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpoils,
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladſome day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how ſoothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling near;

Or,

Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
In tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore;
But, idly lolling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
Near cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
For what reward ſo rich could Fortune give,
That I by abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
Let Great Meſſalla ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Me Beauty holds, in ſtrong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
How would I ſlight Ambition's painful praiſe!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
On thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
How downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who ſleeps not by his fair-one's ſide,
Deteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſperous war can give;
Though through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.

No

No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
The may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; leſt on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death nor parting ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all buſineſs, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the reſt.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Eſteem can move
Which can be juſt and kind?

II. Is

II.

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that Love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM, WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE.

IN AUGUST 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery ſide:

II.

Thy flowery ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The Muſes' green retreat,
With every ſmile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete,

III.

But now, sweet Bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

IV.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

To Mr. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

FAIR Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

* See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

To

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd
I ſung my amorous ſtrains:
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be expreſs'd,
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt.
It muſt be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than ſlow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my abſent fair
His richeſt treaſure careful love had ſtor'd.

II.

In every word a magic ſpell I found
Of power to charm each buſy thought to reſt;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt

III. So

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
And loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
Yet wiſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or ſecure delight.

IV.

Ah! ſhould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldſt thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters ſhould the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

V.

Not one kind word ſhall in my power remain,
A painful witneſs of reproach to thee;
And leſt my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
My heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOW.

TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected in the ſilver lake,
Theſe humble offerings, which thy ſervant pays,
Freſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II.

If leſs my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
And there let ſad Deſpair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my ſoul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wiſh nor other object knows:
Oh! make her, Goddeſs, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe!

IV.

No watchful ſpies I aſk, to guard her charms,
No walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's ſureſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd, with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II. Oft

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconſtant maid!
"You acted once," (the ſhepherd ſaid)
"When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

How can you act ſo cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We ſoon muſt part for months, for years—
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR ſhape, your lips, your eyes, are ſtill the ſame,
Still the bright object of my conſtant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that ſtole,
With gentle ſweetneſs, my enchanted ſoul?

Kind fears, impatient wiſhes, ſoft deſires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inſpires?
Theſe, theſe are loſt; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, ſtill unchang'd, ſtill doating to exceſs,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you leſs;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpuniſh'd ſhall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bleſt, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I ſay to my heart, "Be at reſt, and believe
"That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame.

TO

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while preſent may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies;
And meaſure time, by joy ſucceeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliſs
To me not always will thy ſight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE ſylvan ſcenes with artleſs beauty gay,
Ye gentle ſhades of Wickham, ſay,
What is the charm that each ſucceſſive year,
Which ſees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my tranſported heart
A ſenſe of joy unfelt before, impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe?

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming ſtore
Of rural bliſs, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant ſide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No ſweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love theſe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving ſun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beſtow,
Was given to me in this auſpicious bower.

IV.

Here firſt my Lucy, ſweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the bliſsful fires
Of innocent deſires,
While Venus ſcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ſtrange increaſe of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If ſuch another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

" Ipſe cavâ ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
" Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
" Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length eſcap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

II.

Yet tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight
And taſte refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light and Virtue's ſpark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flower embroider'd vales
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI. Sweet

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on * Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where ‖ Meles or § Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe

* The Mintio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‖ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called *Meliſigenes*.

§ The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.

Italia's

Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The powers of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd

X.

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou, plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!
Tell

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoftening influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or Intereſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain.

A wit

A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom,
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempeſts all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows:
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV. Ariſe,

XIV.

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and deſart rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII. We

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke! —
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare the all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once ſhould fade;
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy groveling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh
In the county of Devon, Esq.
Father to the present Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the short time assigned to
her here
In the uniform practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

Written at Oxford 1725*.

"Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c."

I.

AS the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † assistant of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

* First printed with Mr. West's translation of Pindar. See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal ſky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
In flight eſſays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breaſt;

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he ſlaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The ſcaly ſnake and creſted dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the ſight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

VII.

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII. But

VIII.

But education can the genius raiſe,
And wiſe inſtructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is diſgrace,
And Honour is by vice to ſhame betray'd.

IX.

Let red Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Aſdrubal ſubdued, confeſs
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witneſs that auſpicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,
Firſt ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with waſteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this proſperous field,
The Roman glory dates her riſing power
From hence 'twas given her conquering ſword to wield,
Raiſe her fall'n gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
" Like ſtags to ravenous wolves an eaſy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory:

XIV.

" A dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
" Her gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
" Through angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore:

XV.

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs feel,
" Improves by loſs, and, thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding ſteel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below:
" To earth with unavaling ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wondering foe,

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt, are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
" Which Wiſdom ſteers through all the dangerous ſtorm,
" Through all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful war?"

VIRTUE

VIRTUE AND FAME.

To the Countess of Egremont.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to crofs each other's way;
Said Virtue, " Hark ye! madam Fame,
" Your ladyfhip is much to blame;
" Jove bids you always wait on me,
" And yet your face I feldom fee:
" The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
" And bids it praife fome handfome ftrumpet;
" Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
" Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, " Dear madam, I proteft,
" I never find myfelf fo blefl
" As when I humbly wait behind you!
" But 'tis fo mighty hard to find you!
" In fuch obfcure retreats you lurk!
" To feek you, is an endlefs work."
" Well," anfwer'd Virtue, " I allow
" Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
" I know (without offence to others)
" I know the beft of wives and mothers;
" Who never pafs'd an ufelefs day
" In fcandal, goffiping, or play:
" Whofe modeft wit, chaftis'd by fenfe,
" Is lively chearful innocence;

" Whoſe heart nor envy knows, nor ſpite,
" Whoſe duty is her ſole delight;
" Nor rul'd by whim, nor ſlave to faſhion,
" Her parents' joy, her huſband's paſſion."
Fame ſmil'd and anſwer'd, " On my life,
" This is ſome country parſon's wife,
" Who never ſaw the court nor town,
" Whoſe face is homely as her gown;
" Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
" No, madam, no—you're much miſtaken—
" I beg you'll let me ſet you right—
" 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
" Adorn'd with every poliſh'd art
" That rank or fortune can impart:
" 'Tis the moſt celebrated toaſt
" That Britain's ſpacious iſle can boaſt;
" 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
" 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

By Earl Hardwicke.

FAME heard with pleaſure—ſtrait replied,
" Firſt on my roll ſtands Wyndham's bride;
" My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to ſound
" Her modeſt praiſe the world around!
" But notes were wanting—Canſt thou find
" A Muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
" Believe me, I can name but one,
" A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LET-

LETTER

TO

EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING VERSES.

My LORD,

A Thouſand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before.

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The Muſe, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, " once more I ſee
" My fugitive returns to me;
" Long had I loſt you from my bower,
" You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
" With me no more your genius ſported,
" The grave hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
" Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes;
" Purſued Urania through the ſkies;

" But

" But now, to my forſaken track,
" Fair Egremont has brought you back:
" Nor bluſh, by her and Virtue led,
" That ſoft, that pleaſing path, to tread;
" For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
" Ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign to play.
" Lo! to my flowery groves and ſprings
" Her favourite ſon the goddeſs brings,
" The council's and the ſenate's guide,
" Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
" He comes, he joys with thee to join,
" In ſinging Wyndham's charms divine:
" To thine he adds his nobler lays;
" Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praiſe.
" Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy Pitt
" His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
" For ſure one line from ſuch a Bard,
" Virtue would think her beſt reward."

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing Odes is not my trade:
My head is full of houſehold cares,
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.

And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert, as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn
Than when you firſt my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am, (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wondering ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More powerful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poeteſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
" That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
" Behold! how proud o'er all the main
" Thoſe ſtately turrets ſeem to reign!
" No views ſo grand on earth you ſee!
" The maſter too belongs to me:
" I grant him my domain to ſhare,
" I bid his hand my trident bear."
" The ſea is yours, but mine the land,"
Pallas replies; " by me were plann'd
" Thoſe towers, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
" That fort, which crowns thoſe iſland rocks:
" The lady too is of my choir,
" I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
" With every charm her mind I grac'd,
" I gave her prudence, knowledge, taſte."
" Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
" The lady muſt be ſhar'd between us:
" And ſurely mine is yonder grove
" So fine, ſo dark, ſo fit for love;
" Trees, ſuch as in th' Idalian glade,
" Or Cyprian lawn, my palace ſhade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.

But

But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
" Nor god nor goddeſs, great or ſmall,
" That dwelling his or hers may call;
" I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION.

To the Dowager Duchess D'Aiguillon.

WHEN Peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conquering ſtandards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,

Think

Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame—
From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force its energy, to these it ow'd,
But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And livelier wit with soundest sense combin'd.
They taught in sportive Fancy's gay attire
To dress the gravest of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
Thus every flower which every Muse's hand
Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favourite land,
By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
The grateful song to his immortal praise.
Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing;
And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and sublime simplicity.

Such

Such in thy verſe ſhall Nivernois be ſhewn:
France ſhall with joy the fair reſemblance own;
And Albion ſighing bid her ſons aſpire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE;*
KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMNT IN 1747

YE weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, ſince your all accompliſh'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenious truth,
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of every pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

* Theſe verſes having been originally written when the Author was in Oppoſition, concluded thus (much better, perhaps, than at preſent).

"But nobler far, and greater is the praiſe
"So bright to ſhine in theſe degenerate days:
"An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire;
"His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds inſpire."

But ſome years after, when his Lordſhip was with Miniſtry, he eraſed theſe four lines. See GENT. MAG. vol. XLIX. p. 601. N.

ON

GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Though knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Aſtolfo, ſtor'd within a vaſe,
Orlando's wits had ſafely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, cloſely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

Of fineſt cryſtal were thoſe bottles made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not ſee:
Wherefore in humble wiſe the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treaſure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wonderous thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy eſſence, not to be deſcried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
"For they are never eaſy while at home,
"Nor ever owner thought them gone too ſoon.

V. "When

V.

" When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
" For fear they ſhould evaporate again;
" And hard it is a priſon to invent,
" So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

VI.

" Thoſe that to young and wanton girls belong
" Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burſt the
" glaſs:
" But thoſe that have below been kept too long
" Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So ſpake the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
As of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
For various ſecrets there were brought to light:
Of which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

VIII.

Virginities, that cloſe confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the ſky;
His ſiſter's and his couſin's there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, though good St. John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he eſpied
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear:
" Ah, falſe and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
" Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here.

X.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
" Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
" Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
" And thou already from thy poſt art flown.

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apoſtle kind —
" Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
" Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
" Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
" The Moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
" Let me but have the uſe on't for a night,
" And I'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What power the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain its power;

But, fav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the ſubject main her towers ſhe rears,
And ſtands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
Skillful the worſt or nobleſt ends to ſerve,
And ſtrong alike to ruin or preſerve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour falſe, to Virtue true,
In the wild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
Yet ſaving innocence, though fame was loſt;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But ſhe, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
Whoſe conquering love her country's ſafety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herſelf undone.

* " Hence may we learn, what paſſion fain would
" hide,
" That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied.
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry Fortune on their union frown:
" Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,
" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
" Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
" With mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain;

* The twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall variations, have been already printed in " Advice to a Lady," p. 290; but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat theſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.

" And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguiſh of their grief:
" While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
" Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty ſhower delight,
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay,
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care decay;
Whoſe wealth may place you in the faireſt light,
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight!
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſtroy,
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor reaſon ever diſagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond ſlave of hopeleſs love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys to prove,
Canſt thou endure thus calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine?
O taſk, for feeble Reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but deſpair!

Muſt

Muſt I forbid my eyes that heavenly ſight,
They 've view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
Muſt my ears ſhun that voice, whoſe charming ſound
Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?
O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains leſs exquiſite than mine,
'Tis eaſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

INSCRIPTION for a BUST of Lady SUFFOLK; Deſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at STOWE.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
Feel the ſame feveriſh heats that mine moleſt?
Alas! I only wiſh for health again,
Becauſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illneſs ſee?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though prudence bids me ſtrive to guard my fame,
Love ſees the low hypocriſy with ſhame;
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

("Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.")

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond deſire,
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine enquire?
Whether to ſeek in arms a glorious doom,
Or baſely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honeſt minds diſmay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown diſdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itſelf alone,
Gains no addition from ſucceſs?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart theſe conſtant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our

Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desart sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harrass'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and Freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!
Rouze, Britons, rouze! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.

And

And thou, great poet, in whoſe nervous lines
The native majeſty of freedom ſhines,
Accept this friendly praiſe; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I ſtrike the ſounding ſtring
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to ſing,
But, idly ſporting in the ſecret ſhade,
With tender trifles ſoothe ſome artleſs maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

IN THE YEAR 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole ſaw, and griev'd to find
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mind.
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade the lead the patriot band.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For ſcenes, whoſe author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
You will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such generous friendſhip, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a ſtain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O ſympathizing love of others' bliſs,
Where will you find another breaſt like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crouded houſe, with juſt applauſe,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's pureſt laws;
For his chaſte Muſe employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,

Not

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd unbiass'd, sit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If *fustian* here, through each unnatural scene,
In *strain'd conceits sound high*, and *nothing mean*;
If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call:
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall*.

But

But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire:
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move;
Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve*.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I. On a View from an Alcove.

---------- VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
TEMPE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SVPERIMPENDENTES,

II. On a Rocky Fancy Seat.

---------- EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOENI,
RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,
WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIAC.

IV. On

IV. On the Pedestal of an URN*,

ALEXANDRO POPE;
POETARVM ANGLICANORVM
ELEGANTISSIMO DVLCISSIMOQVE;
VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,
SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,
SACRA ESTO.
ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a BENCH.

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,
MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;
LABVNTER ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQVAE;
QVAERVNTVR IN SYLVIS AVES:
FONTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTREPVNT MANANTIBVS
SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

VI. On THOMSON'S SEAT †.

INGENIO IMMORTALI
IACOBI THOMSON,
POETAE SVBLIMIS,
VIRI BONI;
AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEXIT,
POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRVCTAM,
DICAT DEDICATQVE
GEORGIVS LYTTELTON.

* A Doric portico in another part of the park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, QVIETI ET MVSIS.

† A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

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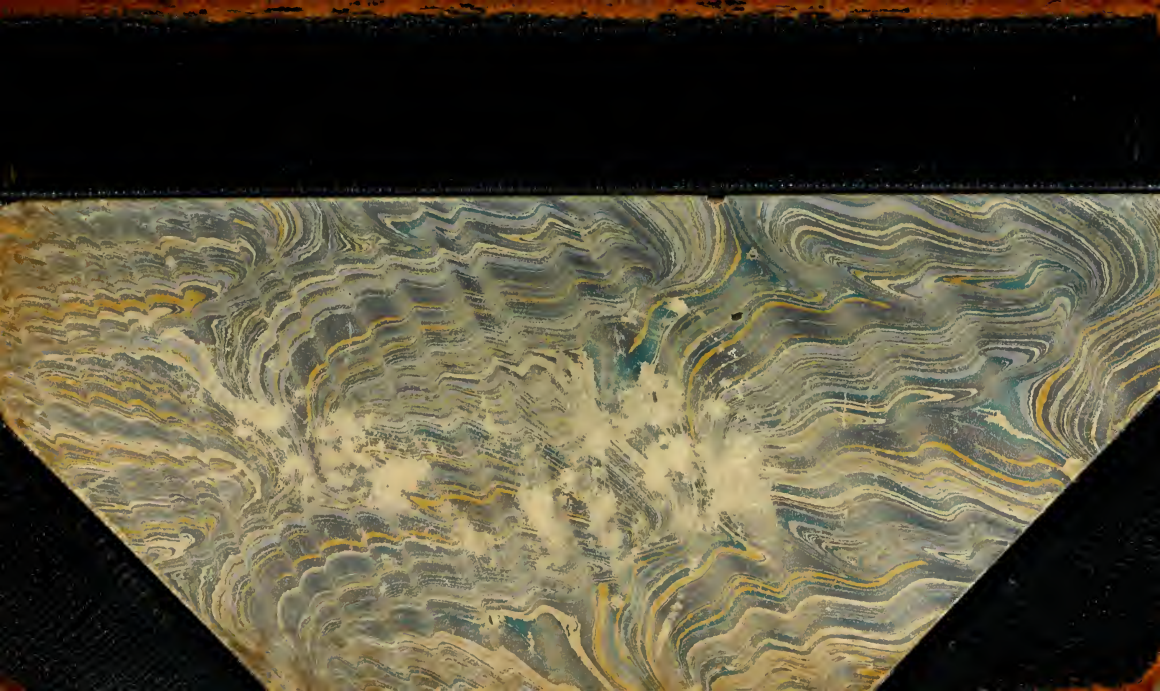
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